THE POLITICAL

HOUSE

THAT

JACK BUILT.

"A straw—thrown up to show which way the wind blows."

WITH THIRTEEN CUTS.

The Pen and the Sword.

Twenty=sixth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE HILL

1819.

ONE SHILLING.

——— "Many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall."

Cowper.

NOTE.

Each Motto that follows, is from Cowper's "Task."

THE AUTHOR'S

DEDICATION

TO HIS POLITICAL GODCHILD.

TO

DOCTOR SLOP,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

MANY PUBLIC TESTIMONIALS OF HIS FILIAL GRATITUDE;

AND TO

THE NURSERY OF CHILDREN,

SIX FEET HIGH,

HIS READERS,

FOR THE DELIGHT AND INSTRUCTION OF

THEIR UNINFORMED MINDS;

THIS JUVENILE PUBLICATION

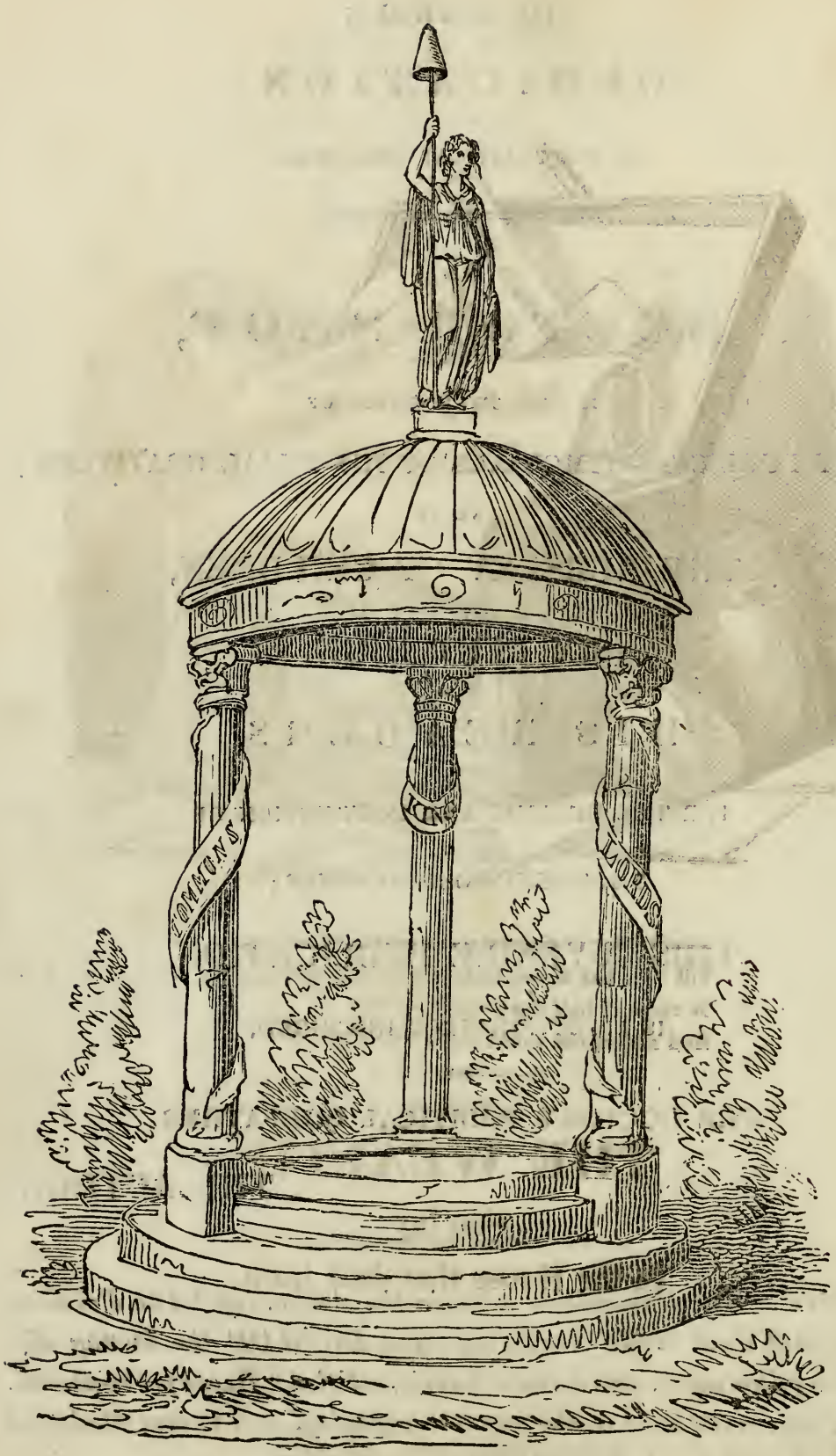
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE DOCTOR'S POLITICAL GODFATHER,

THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.—*The Publication wherein the Author of "The Political House that Jack Built" conferred upon Dr. SLOP the lasting distinction of his name, was a Jeu d'Esprit, entitled "Buonaparte-phobia, or Cursing made easy to the meanest capacity,"—it is reprinted, and may be had of the Publisher, Price One Shilling.*



"A distant age asks where the fabric stood."

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

—— "Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

THIS IS

THE WEALTH

that lay

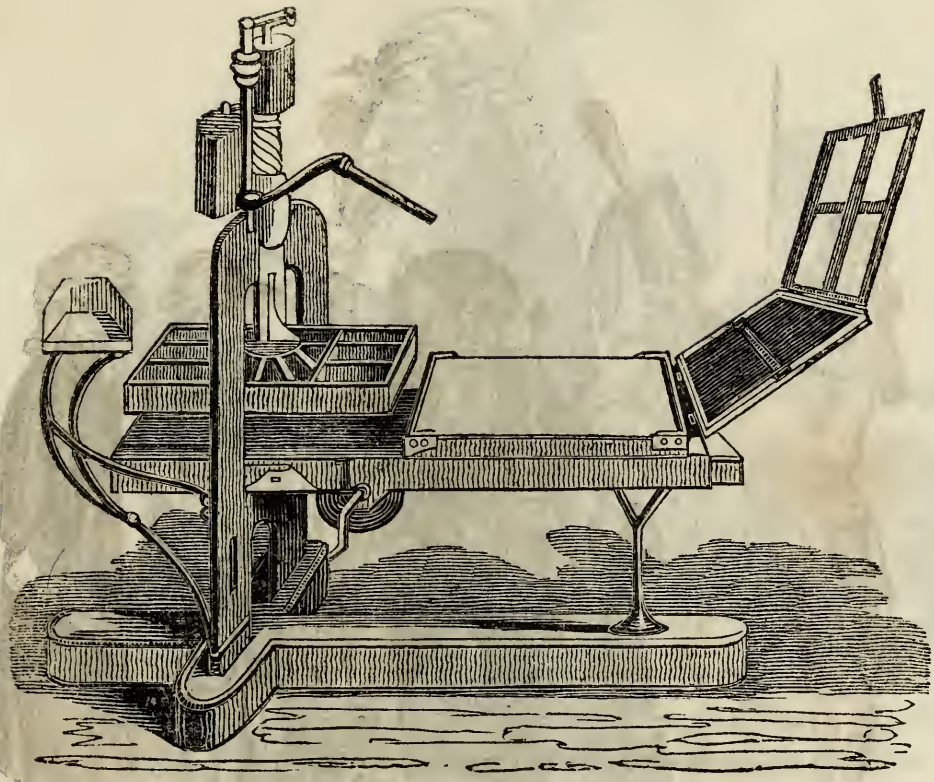
In the House that Jack built.

——— "A race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd;
And the land stank—so num'rous was the fry.

THESE ARE

THE VERMIN

That Plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.



" Once enslaved, farewell!

* * * *

Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may!"

THIS IS

THE THING,

that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

"The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them—
To be a pest where he was useful once."

THIS IS

THE PUBLIC INFORMER,

who

Would put down the *Thing*,

that, in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it,

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,

That lay in the House, that Jack built.

"Ruffians are abroad——

* * * *

Leviathan is not *so* tamed."

THESE ARE

THE *REASONS* OF LAWLESS POWER

That back the Public Informer,

who

Would put down the *Thing*,

that, in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it,

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin,

That plunder the Wealth,

That lay in the House,

That Jack built.

——————— "Great offices will have
Great talents." ———————

This is THE MAN—all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—and all forlorn ;

THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
cuirasses and lace;
Who, to tricksters, and fools,
leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,
sails about at his pleasure:
Who spurn'd from his presence
the Friends of his youth,
And now has not one
who will tell him the truth;
Who took to his counsels,
in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons
of lawless Power;
That back the Public Informer,
who
Would put down the *Thing*,
that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

"Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd!
——————— What man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
——————— I cannot rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die——
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away."

THESE ARE

THE PEOPLE

all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day
wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation
too great to be borne,
And pray for relief,
from night to morn;
Who, in vain, Petition
in every form,

Who, peaceably Meeting
to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who,
Were thank'd by THE MAN,
all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
and all forlorn;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
cuirasses, and lace;
Who, to tricksters, and fools,
leaves the State and its treasure,
And when Britain's in tears,
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Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House, that Jack built.

THE DOCTOR.

"At his last gasp—as if with opium drugg'd."

DERRY-DOWN TRIANGLE.

"He that sold his country."

THE SPOUTER OF FROTH.

"With merry descants on a nation's woes—
There is a public mischief in his mirth."

THE GUILTY TRIO.

"Great skill have they in *palmistry*, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.

* * * *

——————— Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed."

This is THE DOCTOR
of *Circular* fame,
A Driv'ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:

And *that's* DERRY DOWN TRIANGLE
by name,
From the Land of mis-rule,
and half-hanging, and flame:
And *that* is THE SPOUTER OF FROTH
BY THE HOUR,
The worthless colleague
of their infamous power;
Who dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor'
whom now he calls 'brother',
And, to get at his Place,
took a shot at the other;
Who haunts their *Bad House*,
a base living to earn,
by playing Jack-pudding, and Ruffian,
in turn;
Who bullies, for those
whom he bullied before;
Their *Flash*-man, their Bravo,
a son of a ———;
The hate of the People,
all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day
wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation
too great to be borne,
And pray for relief
from night to morn;

Who, in vain, Petition
in every form,
Who peaceably Meeting,
to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who,
Were thank'd by THE MAN,
all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
and all forlorn;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
cuirasses, and lace:
Who to tricksters and fools,
leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,
sails about at his pleasure:
Who spurn'd from his presence
the Friends of his youth,
And now has not one
who will tell him the truth;
Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons of lawless Power;
That back the Public Informer, who
Would put down the *Thing*, that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it, by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House, that Jack built.

——— "Burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution.
——————— Power usurp'd
Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
——————— I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all."

This WORD is the Watchword—
the talisman word,
That the WATERLOO-MAN 's to crush
with his sword;

But, if shielded by NORFOLK
and BEDFORD's alliance,
It will set both his sword,
and him, at defiance;
If FITZWILLIAM, and GROSVENOR, and
ALBEMARLE aid it,
And assist its best Champions,
who then dare invade it?
'Tis the terrible WORD OF FEAR,
night and morn,
To the *Guilty Trio*,
all cover'd with scorn;
First, to the Doctor,
of *Circular* fame,
A riv'ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:
And next, Derry Down Triangle
by name,
From the Land of Mis-rule,
and Half-hanging, and Flame.
And then, to the Spouter of Froth
by the hour,
The worthless Colleague
of their infamous power;
Who dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor',
whom now he calls 'brother',
And, to get at his Place,
took a shot at the other;

Who haunts their *Bad House*,
a base living to earn,
By playing Jack-Pudding, and Ruffian,
in turn;
Who bullies for those,
whom he bullied before;
Their *Flash-man*, their Bravo,
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Who curse the day
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That back the Public Informer,
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And attempts to restrain it
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.

END OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE CLERICAL MAGISTRATE.

The Bishop. Will you be diligent in Prayers—laying aside the study of the world and the flesh ?——*The Priest.* I will.

The Bishop. Will you maintain and set forwards, as much as lieth in you, quietness, peace, and love, among all Christian People ?——*Priest.* I will. The Bishop laying his hand upon the head of him that receiveth the order of Priesthood, shall say, RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST."

The Form of Ordination for a Priest.

——— "The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
* * * *
Behold the picture ! Is it like ?

THIS IS A PRIEST,

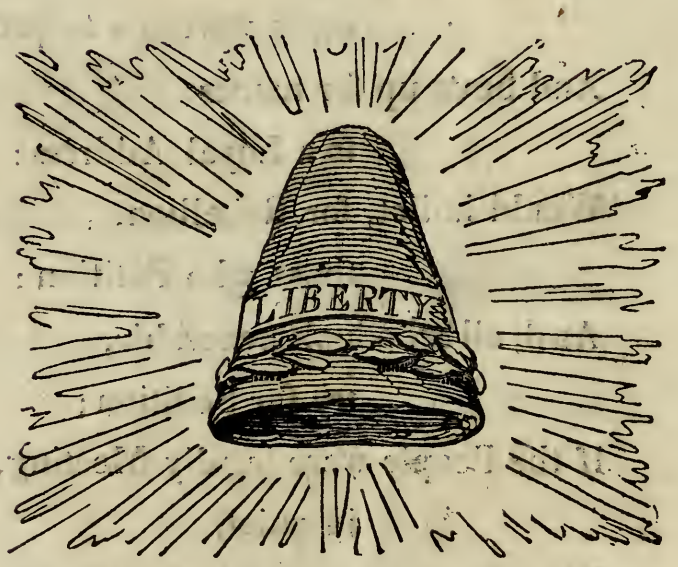
made 'according to Law',

Who, on being ordain'd,
vow'd, by rote, like a daw,
That, he felt himself call'd,
by the Holy Spirit,
To teach men the Kingdom of Heaven
to merit;
That, to think of the World and the flesh
he'd cease,
And keep men in quietness,
love and peace;
And, making thus his profession
and boast,
Receiv'd, from the Bishop,
the Holy Ghost:
Then—not having the fear of God
before him—
Is sworn in a Justice,
and one of the *Quorum;*
'Gainst his spiritual Oath,
puts his Oath of the Bench,
And, instead of his Bible,
examines a wench;
Gets Chairman of Sessions—leaves his flock,
sick, or dying,
To license Ale-houses—and assist
in the trying
Of prostitutes, poachers, pickpockets
and thieves;——

Having *charged* the Grand Jury,
dines with them, and gives
" CHURCH AND KING without day-light;"
gets *fresh*, and puts in—
To the stocks vulgar people
who fuddle with gin:
Stage coachmen, and toll-men,
convicts as he pleases;
And beggars and paupers
incessantly teazes:
Commits starving vagrants,
and orders Distress
On the Poor, for their Rates—
signs warrants to press,
And beats up for names
to a Loyal Address:
Would indict, for Rebellion,
those who Petition;
And, all who look peaceable,
try for Sedition;
If the People were legally Meeting,
in quiet,
Would pronounce it, decidedly—*sec. Stat.*—
a Riot,
And order the Soldiers
'to aid and assist',
That is—kill the helpless,
Who cannot resist.

He, though vowing 'from all worldly studies
to cease',
Breaks the Peace of the Church,
to be Justice of Peace;
Breaks his vows made to Heaven—
a pander for Power;
A Perjurer—a guide to the People
no more;
On God turns his back,
when he turns the State's Agent;
And damns his own Soul,
to be friends with the ———.

THE END.



"'Tis Liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it."

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